

CANZON 40.



;UT if She shall attend what
fortunes sequelled The *nnufrage* of my
poor afflicted bark; Then tell, but tell in
words unsyllabled ! In sighs' untuned
accents, move her to hark Unto the
tenour of thy sadder process ! Say then,
" His tears (his heart's intelligencers!)
Did intimate the griefs did him possess.
Crying, *ZEPHERIA*, unto thee ! these
messengers

I send ! O these, my loves, my faith shall
witness ! O these shall record loves and
faith unfeigned ! Look how my soul bathes
in their innocency ! Whose dying confidence
him designs unstained Of guilty blush-note
of impurity,,

(O Death ! Highway to Life, when Love **is**
distained !) " This said, if cruel She, no
grace vouchsafe : Dead, may her
Gravestone be her Epitaph !

Troppo sperar inganna.

FINIS.

